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NO. 2.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE AS SEEN IN THE REVOLUTION OF NATIONS.

BY JACOBS.

"Thus saith the Lord God; remove the diadem, and take off the crown. Exalt him that is low, and abase him that is high. I will overturn, overturn it until he shall come whose right it is, and I will give it him."—Ezekiel xxi. 26, 27.

In our first discourse we traced the hand of God in the revolutions of nations, up to the time of the coming of Christ. We saw the light obscured, at times, by the clouds of a mysterious providence, then breaking forth in brightness and beauty, disclosing new wonders, and revealing the progress that an unseen hand had wrought amid the darkness. We saw the burning lava which the agitated elements poured forth upon the earth, changed to the fertile soil, above which waved, in golden beauty, the luxuriant harvest. Clouds of storm and tempest were found to carry in their bosom the showers of mercy; and we were led to see much truth in that sentiment of the poet, so long and so generally pronounced a heresy:

"God sends not ill. When rightly understood,
All seeming ill he makes result in good."

This, my friends, is a most beautiful lesson for man to learn; and we trust that by pursuing the history of God's providence with the nations, from the dawning of Christianity to the present time, we shall be able to find an amount of testimony, amply sufficient to remove any doubt which we may cherish concerning its orthodoxy.

If we found that the Great Hebrew polity was an evidence of progress from the Patriarchal age and government—if we found that the day when Israel's journey ended, and they had entered upon their promised possession, was brighter with hope than was that day when they stood upon the farther side of the Red Sea and heard the host of Pharaoh pursuing them, how much more was the dawning of the Gospel day a sign of progress. Compared with the light which then arose upon the world, the brightest day of the past had been but darkness. Before the light of the Gospel of Christ, the age-lasting clouds of ignorance and error rolled back—broke into fragments and dissolved in the atmosphere of new-born truth. The world had a teacher such as before it had never known, and with that teacher came a diviner law than had ever been practiced. The aspirations of the soul were answered by the promise of immortality, the types and shadows of a spiritless worship were swept away, and duty and obedience received a diviner sanction and a better reward than ever before. As Rome had united all nations into one great Commonwealth, so Christianity had come to annihilate all religious distinctions of the different races and bind them together into one great brotherhood. *It was indeed a day of blessed promise.* The angels celebrated its dawning with a song of praise and a chorus of glory, and God, rolling back the curtains of the skies, let fall his renewed

blessing, and spread out above the earth a brighter smile.

From this period let us pass on, spectators of those events which the moving panorama of the coming ages shall present before us. From the announcement of the angel to the shepherds upon the plains of Bethlehem nearly thirty years have rolled past. "The boyhood of Jesus has ripened into the maturity of life—the slight flush of his youthful soul has fled, and he stands up in the temple to announce his mission, clothed in a greatness of spirit, strong enough to win the world, and give direction to its reverence and worship forever."* He stands up, the acknowledged of God, and all around him lie the wrecks of old religious institutions. He speaks, and a new and diviner faith, a simple and harmonious structure arises, adapted to the religious wants of every age—a temple to which the nations, in the highest degree of civilization, may come with their offerings, and find a faithful and perfect response to all their devotions. He pointed the world to God, and said, *your Father lives.* He stripped off the "fringes and tassels" from the outgrown and threadbare traditions of the Jews, and placed before them a new and living faith arrayed in the fadeless robes of truth and love. He spake of heaven and immortality; and while the multitudes were "swayed to and fro by his words of truth and power, as swing the branches of the mighty elm-tree in the winds of summer," the throbbings of his great spirit were felt in the quickened pulsations of every heart. He touched the eyes of the blind and they saw; he whispered in the ear of the dying and they lived; he spoke to the raging winds and rolling billows, and they were hushed to peace; he commanded the dead to arise and to come forth, and the grave delivered up its treasure. Not less divine than his miracles, were his teachings and his life. His love was greater than all the hatred of the world; his forgiveness was an unbounded sea, in which all human offences were forgotten. Never before had the world known such a teacher, or witnessed so great and true a life; yet scarcely had he seen the dawning of five and thirty summers before the jealousy of his countrymen had arraigned him at the tribunal of an unjust and self-interested judge, and cruelty, directed by revenge, had nailed him to the cross. But the progress of his age is seen in the perfection of his doctrine, which lived in many hearts, and flourished, fresh and beautiful as the flowers of Paradise, when he who first proclaimed it to the world had ascended to his better home and inheritance. "He had sown the principles of truth broadcast upon the world, and they sprang up in the hearts of an army of men, (smaller and feeble than himself,) but men who were electrified by his spirit, and enchanted by the divine example of his life." To their keeping the progress of the world is now entrusted. "They were true men, whose soul was in their work, and who were ready, if need be, to pour forth their *life-blood*, as joyfully as festal wine was spent at the wedding of Cana in Galilee.

So went the car of reform and progress for two centuries. Though the priest and philosopher, the poet and the king, sought to cast down and tread in the dust these seedsmen of truth, though they sometimes fettered the limbs, and tortured and destroyed the body, still the world could see that the Gospel car was moving on triumphantly. "And before the third century had numbered all its years, the faith of him so lowly born, and so untimely slain, had gone from its humble beginning on the Galilean Lake, through Jerusalem, Ephesus, Antioch, Corinth and Alexandria, ascended the throne of the

Cæsars, and beheld great men, and temples, and towers, and rich cities and broad kingdoms lying at its feet."

At this period, Constantine the Great is emperor of the world, and *Christianity* the religion which receives his patronage and support. To the eye of man it would seem that the contest was over, and the victory of truth complete. It did so appear to the grand council of Bishops assembled by Constantine, while they walked to the banquet of the Emperor, attended and honored by his majesty's imperial guard. But not so was it viewed by him who seeth the heart, and knoweth the secret springs and motives of the soul. He saw that prosperity, while it had spread abroad the principles of truth, and in a certain manner operated to *christianize* the world, had also operated to *heathenize* christianity. As the religion of Jesus put on the robes of royalty, it lost the spirit of its Master. As it appeared in the edicts of the triple crown, it did not reflect the image of him who proclaimed to Pilate, "*My kingdom is not of this world.*" And beneath the splendid rites and ritual, in which by the Catholic Church it was invested, the humility of the manger, and the meekness, submission, and forgiveness of the crucifixion could not be found. By the hand of Constantine, heathen Rome *had fallen*, and as she fell, she bequeathed to christianity a throne amidst her own ruins; and to the minister of the God of peace she gave the proud titles which her invincible sword had won from the nations of the earth. This legacy begat in the hearts of those who should have been like their great Master, a spirit of pride and a love of power.

Then arose the inquiry, "if Rome be the Queen of cities, why should not her Pastor be the King of Bishops? Why should not the Roman Church be the Mother of Christendom?" Rome had exercised a charm over the other portions of Europe for many years, and this inquiry was answered, as others had been, to the perfect satisfaction of the *Roman* Bishop, to whom the others soon bowed down in submission. But usurped power swells like an avalanche, and Rome smiled to see the provinces throwing themselves into her arms. The princes, who in those times which followed the death of Constantine, often saw their thrones tottering and ready to fall, came and offered their adherence to Rome in exchange for her support. By this alliance she sought and gained no small degree of political power. Step followed step in the work which she was seeking to accomplish, until the Vandals, just converted to Christianity, and ignorant of its original simplicity, the Ostrogoths, the Burgundians, the Lombards, and the Anglo Saxons, came bowing down the knee to the Roman Pontiff. These were *courted and flattered*, while others who asserted their independence were at length subdued; and Rome found herself possessed, not only of supreme *ecclesiastical authority*, but had her foot upon the neck of earth's proudest king.

Here we find the Church of Christ, sovereign of *temporal*, as well as of spiritual power. From the Pope to the meanest monk in her cloister, Rome was an accumulated mass of moral pollution. *Popes, Bishops, Priests and people* were alike fallen from the high standing which the early Fathers occupied, and the religion of Jesus, as it was taught by the Master to his Disciples, was almost forgotten.

But the church has, at this period, become so blended with the governments, that we must look for its reform in the history of the nations. To see this great subject in its true light and relations, let us leave for a time the isolated view we have taken of the christianity of the church, and go back to trace very briefly the history of freedom, as from age to age its great principles have been developed.

We spoke in our former discourse of the liberties of the Grecian Republic. We need to use a care in speak-

ing of such liberties, if we compare them with our own. The liberties of Greece were the political suffrages of the few, while the great mass of her inhabitants were slaves. The privileged class would not *allow* the masses a voice in their government, and for this cause their institutions were short-lived and precarious. The virtue of the nation was deemed as resident in the rulers alone, and thus the government, like a tree which has no soil in which to spread its roots, which is fed by no perennial fountain, and invigorated by no ascending nourishment, yielded with little resistance to the shocks of time, and its freedom expired. In the freedom of the Roman republic we behold a noble advancement. With a magnanimity so extraordinary that it may almost be ascribed to an immediate and special Divine interposition, the Romans, from the foundation of their republic, admitted even the subjects of conquered states to share in all the privileges which their noblest citizens enjoyed. But even this was far from the idea which we cherish of liberty and freedom. Domestic slavery existed there in many of its most revolting features, and the citizens of Rome could not have part in the affairs of state unless they were so situated that they could repair to the metropolis, and there exercise their rights. To the distant Provinces, the right of citizenship availed nothing, for they had not the privilege of a representative government. Another step was necessary, and it was taken in the revolution of William the Conqueror. This occurred a little earlier than that period where we left the history of the Church. Alison says, the Barbarians of the north, who overthrew the Roman Empire, brought with them the freedom and sway of savage life, and amid the expiring embers of civilized institutions they spread the flames of barbarian independence. On the decayed stocks of urban liberty, they engrafted the vigorous shoots of pastoral freedom.

At this period we may date the origin of representative governments. But what did this one blessing cost? Did it come in peace, and settle down upon the world without the noise of war or the downfall of a nation? Believe it not: it came while the mightiest empire of the world was being shattered in fragments. It was a blessing, and an evidence of progress, which cost the lives of millions.

But we must not suppose that even the *Norman conquest* secured that kind of liberty which we enjoy. It was far otherwise. The liberty of the *feudal system* established as the result of this conquest, was the liberty which the few alone could realize. It was the liberty which the Baron enjoyed, from the oppression of his sovereign; and not that which the vassals enjoyed, or could enjoy, from the oppression of their Lords.

But we must now consider the influences that Christianity exerted in the cause of freedom during the period in which it was being merged into the political institutions of the nations. During the period of its own decline, as a separate and saving power, we have shown that the degraded state of the great masses has been the cause of that disorganization and ruin which have been recorded of all the nations of antiquity. The influences of wealth have corrupted the higher order, and that sullen line of demarkation which has divided them from the lower classes, has given them no chance to revive their energies. Christianity found here an office to perform, and exerted a noble power in the cause of freedom, so long as its principles were proclaimed as they came from the lips of Jesus. It carried its promises to the poor, not less certainly than to the rich, and by proclaiming the equality of all men in the sight of heaven, it declared the injustice of the ruinous distinctions existing between the higher and lower classes of all nations.

We notice in this place the *Crusades*, or the so-called *Holy Wars*. These began in the year 1096, when the whole world was sunk in the most profound ignorance, wickedness and superstition. We have already spoken of the condition of Christianity in that age. The eccle-

ascetics had gained complete ascendancy over the human mind, and a night of *felt darkness* shut out all the gleamings of hope which before had been cherished of better and brighter days. It was the midnight of the *dark ages*. A few pilgrims on their way to the *holy sepulchre*, and those, too often, with selfish purposes, were the only intimations of a living piety that were then manifest. To the comprehension of the human mind, there was in all the indications of that age no single prophecy of good. But God saw light amid the darkness, and soon his plans were visible, in the event of which I have just spoken. The holy land was in the hands of the Saracens, who would not allow the pilgrims to visit the Sepulchre of Christ unless they paid a tribute to the Caliphs of the city. This was a cause of some complaint in the Roman provinces, but was borne with patience, as were the thousand and one burdens that the people were then compelled to bear. But soon the holy city changed masters; the cruel Turk possessed the holy resting place of the Savior, and the pilgrims could no longer visit there, and perform their devotions in safety. A few ventured on the fearful mission, but returned only to fill all Europe with their complaints against the Infidels. A religious fanaticism was awakened, and the cry of Europe was, "Down with the Turk! Down with the Infidels! Let the tomb of the Son of Mary be polluted no longer by such unholiness." Peter the Hermit preached to the Princes and Sovereigns of all Christendom, and the flame of religious fanaticism filled the whole land. The crusades began. All ranks and orders flew to arms, and under the emblem of the cross, they shouted their watchword, "It is the will of God."

In the first of these wars 700,000 soldiers entered the field. The object was proclaimed a *sacred* one, and old and young, nay, even the fairer sex in the habiliments of the soldier, entered the ranks and fought to redeem the sepulchre of Jesus from the possession of the *Infidel Turk*. For more than two centuries, at eight different periods, and with various success, these wars were prosecuted; and the hearer may inquire what good was wrought out by their influence. The answer to this inquiry is now the same in all the christian nations of the earth. In no event of the past, is the hand of a wise and mysterious providence more distinctly manifest, than in these crusades. Though with them came the crash of mighty cities—though in their fearful struggles two millions of men were cut in pieces, and their blood and bones given to enrich the soil around the tomb for which they fought, they ushered in the greatest epoch of the christian era, they were a costly price paid for some of the greatest blessings of which the world now boasts. They brought together the most barbarous and the most civilized and enlightened nations of the earth, and made the influence of the one the power which should elevate the other. They broke down the old feudal system, which so long had acted most powerfully to fetter every aspiration for freedom which the great masses might indulge, and thus laid the foundation for that civil liberty now enjoyed by all the countries of Europe. Liberty, imperfect though we own it is, yet as much greater than that of the days of chivalry as our own is greater than theirs. Nor was this all. Old formulas of religious inquiry were broken up, and new and more liberal systems of thought were given to the world. General literature, the sciences, and the arts came forth, as if to fill the places of the thousands who had lain down to their last rest; and, *finally*, let us forget not the great and mysterious fact, the *Crusades* planted the seeds, which, when they had found time to germinate, produced the great reformation in the sixteenth century.

The *Reformation*, the greatest event in the history of the Church since its first formation, was like the bursting forth of a volcano in the midst of a putrid mass of decayed and corrupted life. The scenes of which we have been speaking had broken away the clouds, and set in new light upon the minds of the people. The

people had learned great lessons, of their powers, their own rights, and of the corruption of their priests and rulers. Already Switzerland was free, and prepared for a noble struggle whenever the signal should be given; and all over Europe the spirit of freedom had found its way. On all sides, from above and from beneath, was heard a low rumbling of the troubled elements—a *forerunner* of the mighty upheavings and overturnings that were to follow. Nor did they tarry. Luther arose, and Rome trembled to its very centre. I will not dwell upon the scenes that followed. Enough for our present purpose, that we know the fruit of that great epoch. It burned up in the flames of its fiery ordeal, masses of corruption; it swept away the errors, the superstition and the ignorance that had been accumulating in the very bosom of the Church for ages. It set the spirit of religious inquiry free, and it went abroad upon its mission. Though the dooms-man's axe was whetted, and though it often fell; and though the fires at the stake were kindled around full many a victim, the reformation was not stayed in the performance of its appointed work. Even the ashes of the uncomplaining martyr as they were scattered abroad by the wind of the ages, were prolific as was the symbolic dust that Moses scattered up towards Heaven. They sprang up a host of men who shook off the yoke of Roman oppression, and dared to lift up their own souls to God, without the intervention of the Pontiff or the Priest.

The child of the reformation was the Protestant religion. But when we have said this, we have not said all which needs to be known in this connection. This child was born to be the mother of Liberty; to cherish the principles of freedom already abroad among the nations, and to lead on in those great revolutions then yet to come, until the diadem should be removed, and the crown taken from every head, save his whose right it is to reign.

Her first influences were felt in giving new life and vigor to the spirit of religious *freedom*.

This was a great and a sacred work, but wrought out as have been other blessings of which I have spoken, amid the most fearful trials, and by the intervention of means mysterious to man. It grew up and was carried forward, while the hands of bigotry and persecution were drenched in blood, and while the advocates of this freedom were testifying to the world, that they were ready to die in its defence.

In those days, *monarchs* were no friends to religious liberty, and in their kingdoms it found but little toleration. It was *this* fact which drove the *pilgrim fathers* from their homes in the old world, to seek a shelter in the forests which then covered this whole Continent, where they might have "*freedom to worship God*." They came. But who shall prophesy of the work that little band was destined to effect. The past has in a measure revealed it, but the future has yet to enrol a consummation more glorious than have been the chapters already presented to the eye of the world.

"From the revival of letters in the 16th century the causes of which I have spoken operated powerfully to change the face of religious and political affairs throughout the whole of Europe. The stubborn valor of the reformed religion had emancipated an industrious people from the yoke of Spain, and the determined spirit of the English Puritans had overthrown the power of the Norman nobility. The extension of knowledge had shaken the foundations of arbitrary power, and public opinion even in the least enlightened nations, moderated the force of despotic sway. The worst governed states of Europe were *Constitutional Monarchies*, compared with the dynasties of the East; and even the oppression of *Russian severity* was at this time light when compared with the cruelties of the Roman Europeans." But it was not until the commencement of the *French Revolution*, that the extent of the changes which had been wrought were fully seen—it was not

till then, that *Despotism* really felt the weakness of her arms, when brought in collision with the efforts of freedom. In addition to the causes already mentioned, the fires of *American* freedom were carried into France at the close of our own revolution, by those who had participated in our struggles. Those fires spread rapidly among the combustible masses, and they arose to demand their rights. The unfortunate Louis summoned his armies to the capital, and appealed to their spirit of chivalry to repel and still the violence of the people. But no. The spirit of freedom had penetrated to the ranks of his veteran soldiery, and they rested upon their arms, while the throne of that kingdom was falling in ruins; aye, until it was utterly destroyed.

But France was not prepared to receive the principles of Liberty at so early a day, and in so sudden a manner. In *America* they had grown with the growth of christian institutions, and been carefully watched by the same angel that guarded the religious interests of our country. In France they were planted in the sterile soil of infidelity and guarded by the goddess of reason. Of the result of their struggle for liberty, under such auspices, I need not speak—it is known to you all. France was pleased with the idea of freedom, but she did not provide for it that companion whose aid it always seeks, and it quickly departed to more congenial climes. Let us now mark the progress which the revolutions of fifty years have effected in that nation. In 1790, the feature which marked the French Revolution more strongly than any other was that of savage cruelty. The masses, or as they were called, the middle and lower classes, took and held the work in their own hands. They struck for freedom, and anticipated liberty in a day, and when it came not, the kingdom trembled with the voices of millions too ignorant to govern themselves, yet who would tear the crown of a nation from the head of royalty, that they might clothe themselves in political honors. True, there were great men engaged in the work, but their voices were not heard, and their power could not control the unwieldy throng; they were obliged to comply with the demands of the enraged and billowy multitude, or they themselves would be proscribed and sacrificed.

Again, Proscription was the order of the day, and death reigned as the penalty for all political offences. The jealousy of an infuriate mob was the accuser of thousands, and if that mob did not claim the right to try and to execute, their voices clamored at the door of the civil tribunal, and the sentence was such as they desired. The soldiery had no power to repress the violence of the people, who would seize their victims at the very point of the bayonet, hang their bodies upon the lamp-posts of the city, and carry their heads upon pikes to the place of rendezvous amid the shouts of savage revenge. The cry was, Down with the King and all the advocates of royalty; and when the throne was fallen, they were unable to rally around any standard, much less around the tree of liberty; for France at that period had no soil in which that tree would flourish. Their idea of Liberty, was the very chaos of confusion; and with this idea, they thought to do the work of half a century in a single day. Another feature of that revolution was its disregard, nay let me say rather its abhorrence of Christianity. *Mirabeau*, *Marat* and *Robespierre*, I need only mention them.

Such my friends was the condition of France in the days of its revolution. Such the people that essayed to climb the glorious heights, to which the hand of God had just elevated a christian nation. They plunged themselves into the whirlwind of anarchy, and when they would have arisen by its fearful power to the same exalted position just attained by the American people, they found to their confusion and shame that destruction was the only work they had effected.

But was the revolution of which we are speaking of no service to France and the world? Believe it not,

Its lessons, though severe, were salutary. They were lessons for the ages and for the nations; lessons, which now that fifty years have rolled past, all Europe can understand. And first, it taught the French nation that their Goddess of Reason, if farther, if longer followed, would prove the Goddess of their ruin. It struck down the cup that Rousseau, Voltaire, and others had pressed to the lips of that people, and made them feel "there is a God." It made them acknowledge the sacred agency of religion and of christian institutions, by causing them to rebuild the temples they had torn down, and to purify those they had polluted, and to open with solemn ceremonies those they had closed, as a first step towards the restoration of any permanent government. It caused them to wipe away that infamous blasphemy from their tomb-stones and their churches, and to write in its place, "Death is but the entrance to everlasting life." Again, the French revolution taught the monarchs of the old world by how feeble a tenure they held their crowns, and how frail were the thrones upon which they were seated—it taught the people, too, how omnipotent is their strength. It stripped away the romance from liberty, and enabled the nations to consider it with candor, and to study well the means by which it is successfully attained and permanently established by a nation. Such are some of the blessings which the French Revolution and the reign of terror have bequeathed to the world.

Napoleon, as he stood upon the rock of St. Helena and surveyed the past, understood its objects and prophesied of its effects in the future, as with the certainty of inspiration. "Not many years," said he, "and my people will again arise in their power, and cast the Bourbons from their shoulders. The fruits of the revolution which has been, are yet to come. The people are ripening, and when their day is come, Europe will be shaken to its very centre. France once more a Republic, other countries will follow her example. Germans, Prussians, Poles, Italians, Danes, Swedes and Russians will join in the crusade of Liberty. The states and principalities of Europe will heave in all directions like the earth before an earthquake; at length the combustible matter will have vent, and the Lava of English bankruptcy will overspread the European world, overwhelming Kings and Aristocracies, but cementing the Democratic interests as it flows. Trust me, Las Casas, said he, that as from the vines planted in the soil which incrusts the sides of Etna and Vesuvius, the most delicious wine is obtained, so shall the lava of which I speak prove to be the only soil in which the tree of Liberty will take firm and permanent root. In that soil shall it stand and flourish for ages." Thus spake Napoleon, and his prophecy is being fulfilled. France has indeed arisen, and from her shoulders has shaken off the last of the kings. *Louis Philippe*, one day the monarch of one of the mightiest nations upon the earth, the richest man of all the world, having at his command an army sufficient to awe the nations around him, is compelled the next day to steal away from his palace, like some coward culprit, and beg a few francs to pay his passage from his fallen kingdom. France has indeed arisen; and other nations have followed, as if by agreement, her great example, the political elements of a whole continent are in commotion, and while we cannot judge of the immediate fruits which shall come of these uprisings and overturnings, we can but feel that the day is not far distant when the crowned heads of the old world shall bow down to the sovereign power of a sovereign people. We prophesy this from the progress manifest in this revolution, when compared with that of which we have spoken. Time has tempered the savage ferocity of the middle and lower classes in France, and christianity has wrought a mighty work in the hearts of that people. I know full well that Infidelity is still lurking there, and from this cause come our fears that the present struggle for freedom will fail of accomplishing all

which every freeman hopes for that nation: the fear I say that there is still a lack of that moral greatness in France upon which a republic can rest securely. But the change since its former revolution has indeed been wonderful. One of the first acts passed by the provisional government was the abolition of the death penalty for all political offences. Then came the law to adopt the children of those who might fall in the struggle for liberty. Then the law providing labor for all who were unemployed, and then came those other declarations which were laid down as the great principles upon which the people were to act in accomplishing their work of liberty and freedom—all of which are founded upon religious principles. Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religious opinion and freedom of conscience, protection to the weak—especially to women and children, order founded on Liberty, and a recognition of the universal fraternity. *Lamartine*, in speaking of this revolution, says as follows: "The republic at the moment of its birth, and in the midst of the heat of a contest not provoked by the people, have pronounced three words which have revealed its soul and which will call down upon its cradle, the benediction of God and men—*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.*" No one of these words, says he signifies war. How different this spirit from that of '92. Surely, it would seem that a current of true christian sentiment blended with all those thrilling and exciting events which marked the very outbreak of this interesting epoch. Few were the lives that were lost, and even this blood was not sought by the people. A more striking contrast never existed than is here seen between the present and the past revolutions. A contrast which testifies of progress, greater progress than we can estimate or realize. There are two scenes in this revolution which beautifully illustrate this point. When the king was taking his departure from the palace, he found himself and royal consort surrounded by the excited populace, near the very spot where Louis the 16th, and Marie Antoinette suffered the bloody vengeance of the people. They were filled with terror, and some of their friends cried out to the throng, "Spare the king, spare the king!" and a voice came back from the insulted populace, saying, "*we are no murderers, let the king go.*" Again, when the thousands were searching the Tuilleries and the palaces royal, carrying destruction to every thing that bore the marks of royalty, they came to a beautiful image of the Saviour, wrought from marble by one of the old masters. They paused in silence before it—here, says one of their leaders, is the *Great Master* of us all. And that excited throng uncovered their heads and bowed reverently before it. It was then taken up and borne in procession to the Church of St. Catherine, and then the multitude returned to their work of ruin. Here we see those evidences of progress which cannot be mistaken. A more beautiful and touching incident than this can scarcely be found on the page of history. It shows us plainly, that he who would have suffered crucifixion, had he lived in France but 50 years ago, is now a being to be revered, if not obeyed. I have not time to dwell upon this delightful reflection. I have brought you forward to the present epoch, the most promising, the most interesting the world has ever known, and still the being who directs our destinies has seen fit to veil the future in mystery. A thousand questions arise in the mind, a thousand we cannot answer. Will France succeed in her present struggles to found a republic? Will the down-trodden Poles follow her example, and again be free. In short, will the vision of the *Conqueror* upon the lone rock of Helena be realized as the fruit of this new era? These questions we cannot answer, they are known alone to him who holds the destinies of nations, and disposes them as seemeth to him good. But this much we know, and in its truth we will ever rejoice and hope. All things are tending to usher in an epoch of universal freedom. Such is the spirit of

christianity—such the voice of the influence of science never so widely extended as now—such the tendency of all the improvements of the age; such indeed is the law of progress which has lain hold upon the car of reform in every nation. Men are learning of the great common brotherhood; of a universal paternity. They are learning and asserting their rights, and kings and kingdoms tremble. But one great feature in the midst of all this overturn and revolution assures us that God will make the kingdom of Jesus to stand forth, erelong, sovereign of the ascendant. That feature is the *spirit of peace*. There must be overturnings still—thrones must fall, and kingdoms come crashing down before the progress of Liberty, but peace through Jesus Christ shall erelong prove itself the power whose right it is to reign.

The sons of Poland, so long crushed beneath the power of foreign tyrants, so long groaning in bondage and struggling for freedom, shall erelong hear the voice which shall bid them fling back their fetters in the face of their oppressors, and rise in all the greatness of that noble spirit which God has given them, to sing the song of a great deliverance. France shall have ceased to dream of freedom, shall have sat down in peace to eat the banquet she is now preparing. Ireland, washed of her pollution, freed from her degraded ignorance, relieved from the weight of ungodly oppression which for ages has made her the reproach of the nations, shall stand forth an honor to her *Curran*s, her *Emmet*s, her *O'Connell*s, and her *Matthew*s, holding unfurled to her sister republics the flag of freedom. The prayer of the English Chartists shall be more than answered. The feudatory of European soil, the serf of Russia, the chattel Slave and the oppressed freeman everywhere, shall learn their origin, their rights as men, and through the changes which a mysterious Providence shall direct for them, they shall pass onward to enjoy a place in the world's republic which the hand of God is preparing. Written in the sky of the opening future there is a promise for every nation. And when they shall have passed through a few more fearful struggles, perhaps a few more bloody baptisms; when wisdom and christianity shall have performed their missions, when the brotherhood of the race shall be universally acknowledged, then will tyrants be hurled from their thrones, and the nations shall with one voice proclaim JESUS THEIR KING.

A cotton-speculating deacon in Mobile was unexpectedly called upon to fill the regular minister's place.—He gave out the hymn, read it, and when repeating the page just before singing, said, 'Hymn on page 36—*long staple.*' The congregation could not stand it. Knowing his occupation, and his anxiety, not even the sacredness of the place could restrain their merriment.—And ever after, the worthy deacon was called '*long staple.*'—*Louisville Examiner.*

The end of a dissolute life is, commonly, a desperate death.

WHO IS OLD?—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe, he will do something for himself, his neighbor, or for posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life, Washington was at work. So were Franklin, and Young, and Howard, and Newton. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the day-laborer in science, art, or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away and the springs of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. Is he old? should not be put; but is he active? can he breathe freely and move with agility? There are scores of gray-headed men we should prefer, in any important enterprise, to those young gentlemen, who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale at a lion in their path, at a harsh word or a frown.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

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OPPOSITION TO CHRISTIANITY.

When a wicked man opposes Christianity, we find no difficulty in ascertaining the cause. Its laws condemn his character, and he hates them. According to Christianity he is a guilty, worthless wretch; and therefore in order to clear himself of this odium, and justify his sinful course, he seeks the destruction of that which covers him with disgrace, and makes him stand before the world in a light both mortifying to his pride, and troublesome to his conscience. But where good men oppose Christianity, the cause of their hostility is not so easily discovered. They practice the moral virtues it requires, they acknowledge the moral principles on which it is based, and they seek the moral ends it is everywhere producing. They love justice, and it demands justice of all men; they love mercy, and mercy is the spirit it would breathe into every heart; they hate strife and contention, and for these it would substitute universal love and kindness; and yet, they oppose it: they write against it, they lecture against it, and seek every opportunity which offers to bring it into contempt. They are zealous, they are persevering, they are bitter; they work with an activity and energy worthy of a noble cause. There is nothing so strange as the conduct of these men. Some may say, that they should be excused, because their prejudices may have been excited by the errors which have been associated with Christianity; but ought they not to have patience enough to examine that which is so wise in its precepts, so rich in its virtues, so beneficent in its effects? and ought they not to have candor enough, not to blame Christianity for the errors of men?—Others may say, that they should be excused because there is so much contention and bitterness among professing Christians. But why should this excuse them, when Christianity condemns more strongly than they can, these evils? Others may say, that these men should be excused because they have some peculiar mental organization; but if they have, why does it not show itself in some eccentricities of life, or in regard to the common affairs of the world? However it may be in regard to the excuses which may be offered for them, one thing is certain—they are inconsistent men.—They are strangely inconsistent. On them rests the inconsistency of rejecting that which alone can produce the virtues, which they say are above all things most to be prized. They are like the man who says, we cannot live without bread, and yet rejects the only means by which bread can be produced. Go the world over, and you will find no people blessed with the virtues of Christianity, unless they have enjoyed its divine influence. Nothing so ennobles the mind, so enlarges the heart, so dignifies the character, so refines the feelings, as Christianity. This is a fact which stands out prominently in the history of all nations; so prominently, that none dispute it. Why then should Christianity be opposed by any who desire the spread of virtue?

—Perhaps some one will say, "I cannot believe its 'miracles.' You cannot? But which is the greater miracle, for men in a benighted age, an age of gross corruption, to invent such a character as the Evangelists have ascribed to Christ, and such a system of moral and religious duty, one so perfect as to be incapable of improvement, as to be suited to all ages of the world, all varieties of nations, and all stages of intellectu-

al and moral culture, or for God to give power to heal the sick and raise the dead? For one, I find it much easier to believe the latter than the former. I have not credulity enough to be an infidel. I know the infidel laughs at the credulity of Christians. But he is the credulous person; he believes things vastly more difficult than are embraced in the faith of Christians. He believes that ignorant men, in a narrow minded age, formed a perfect character—a being of illimitable love, of spotless purity, having none of the prejudices, partialities, or frailties of his times—a universal man, a man unlike all that poets had ever dreamed of, or philosophers ever described. Here is an effect without a cause, and the grandest and noblest effect of which we can conceive. Call me credulous, if you please—still I have not credulity enough to believe this. It is the infidel alone, the man who cannot acknowledge miracles, that can believe this. It is easier for men, a thousand times easier, to believe that God gave miraculous power to Jesus and his Apostles, than that ignorant men, unaided, invented the character of Christ. It is easier—a thousand times easier—to believe Christianity and all its miracles and prophecies, than to believe that impostors should originate and establish, by their labors and death, a system false in all its pretended facts, yet true in all its principles and holy in all its influences. Impostors are never self-sacrificing; they never work solely for human weal; they never give up honor, wealth and life for what they know to be false. The founders of Christianity then could not have been impostors; and if not impostors, Christianity must be true; for they knew whether they were deceivers or not. O. A. S.

JUDGE BELL'S DECISION RESPECTING THE SABBATH.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg, has given a decision, in regard to the Sabbath, which we think both false and injurious. The decision was given in the case of Specht vs. the Commonwealth. "This case," says the Ledger, "was argued some time since by Thaddeus Stevens and J. E. Brady for the plaintiff in error, and by Judge Neill, of Chambersburg, adversely. The facts in the case are briefly, that the man Specht is a farmer and a Seventh Day Baptist, residing in Franklin county, who was indicted for pursuing his ordinary avocations on Sunday—such as hauling out manure, &c.,—and fined by the Court. He appealed to the Supreme Court, mainly, it would seem, to test, for his sect, the constitutionality of the law under which he was fined.—The opinion of the Court, as follows, was delivered by Judge Bell, and is conclusive in favor of the constitutionality of the law."

Section 3d art. 9th of the Constitution, says:—"All men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences; no man can, of right, be compelled to attend, erect, or support any place of worship, or to maintain any ministry, against his consent. No human authority can, in any case whatever, control or interfere with the rights of conscience; and no preference shall be given by law to any religious establishment or modes of worship."

We do not see how it was possible for Judge Bell to give the decision he did, when he had the above article before him. This says, that no preference shall be given to any religious establishment, and yet he condemns the Seventh Day Baptists. It says also, that all men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship according to the dictates of their own consciences; but the Judge virtually refuses that right to the Seventh Day Baptists, in compelling them to keep the first day of the week. We love the Sabbath, and we believe it to be a Divine institution, but we wish to see no law compelling people to keep it. If men commit nuisances; let them be

punished; for every man should be protected in his rights. We would allow no man to disturb a religious congregation on Sunday, or any other day; and we believe that he who worships on the Seventh Day, has the same right to protection as he who worships on the first.

By all such decisions, the Sabbath is injured; they are designed, we doubt not, for a good end, but as they rest the observance of the Sabbath upon a false basis, and bring to its aid unwarrantable measures, they do it a serious injury. We can depend only upon the power of truth and the majesty of public opinion, for a proper observance of the Sabbath.—With the Seventh Day Baptists we have no sympathy. Their arguments are utterly fallacious—the sacredness they attach to the seventh day a mere superstition. But though they are wrong, we can never make them right by fining them.

NEW JERSEY STATE CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.

The annual meeting of this Convention was held in Hightstown, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. The weather, though warm, was pleasant, and the meeting was one of the best we have ever attended. Our friends in Hightstown were exceedingly kind and attentive, and did all in their power for the accommodation of visitors, of whom there were a large number from Newark and Philadelphia. There was quite a gathering of the friends of Br. Moore there, from his former parish, who came not only to enjoy the services of the Convention, but to pay him a visit at his new home. The occasion on this, as well as on other accounts, was very pleasant to Br. Moore.

In consequence of the frequent rains during the past two or three weeks, the farmers had been so delayed in their work, that the attendance was not so large as was desirable. All the meetings however, were tolerably well attended, and the evening meetings were full. Sermons were preached by Brs. Gallagher, Skinner and Carney. On Thursday evening, it was thought best to have a conference meeting. The services were remarkably interesting. We know not when we have attended a better one. Br. Skinner made the opening prayer and Br. Gallagher the concluding one. Addresses were made by Brs. Moore, Callingham, (layman), Deere and Skinner. An ardent devotional feeling pervaded the meeting, and all appeared to take a deep interest in the services. The fixed attention, and the tears of joy and of love, which moistened the eyes of the old and the young, were full proof that many felt that they were indeed in the gate of heaven.

The services, during the several meetings of the Convention, were greatly aided by a large and excellent choir. Good music adds very much to the effect of public worship. The choir at Hightstown would be considered good in any place. It has several fine voices. The Seraphine was finely played by a female.

The Congregation at Hightstown embraces some of the principal families of the place. They have intelligence, moral worth and wealth. They have also a devoted attachment to the cause of universal grace, and they are liberal in contributing for its support. Br. Moore has a charming residence, and is surrounded by a band of friends, which, though small in number, will do all in their power, to encourage him in his work, as a minister.

We cannot close this brief notice of Hightstown without thanking the friends for their kind attentions. They not only did all they could to make our stay with them pleasant, but met, with their carriages, visitors from Newark and New York, at Washington, and from Philadelphia, at Bordentown, and when the Convention was closed they conveyed them back to the same places.

ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION OF BR. A. L. LOVELAND.

This service took place at Granby, Ct., June 7th, during the session of the Hartford County Association of Universalists. The following was the Order of Exercises:

1. Anthem.
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn.
4. Reading of Scripture, by Br. J. H. Farnsworth.
5. Sermon, by Br. H. B. Soule, from 2 Tim. iv. 5.
6. Hymn.
7. Ordaining Prayer, by Br. W. A. Stickney.
8. Charge and delivery of Scriptures, by Br. W. A. Stickney.
9. Right Hand of Fellowship, by Br. H. B. Soule.
10. Address to the Society, by Br. J. J. Twiss.
11. Anthem.
12. Benediction, by the Pastor.

The services were of a high order, and were listened to with intense interest, by a large and respectable auditory. The sermon was one of Br. Soule's happiest efforts. It was marked with strength, and showed great research, with much originality of thought. It was a profitable season, and well calculated to suggest holy thoughts, and improve the heart. There was something there besides cold-hearted skepticism. Opening their minds to the evidence before them, they began to experience the full force of the great truth, that religion is a sublime reality; a power which is not wrapped up in the rites and forms of designing men. A fire was kindled on the altars of their hearts, which we trust will increase in power, till it shall be bathed in the pure light of God's own glory. Several of our Orthodox brethren were present, and gladly availed themselves of the privilege to participate in the joys of the occasion. For this, as might be expected, they were severely reprimanded by their Church, and forbid to commune any more with heretics. But the reply of those Christians does honor to their hearts: "We can experience as much of the spirit of Christ among the Universalists, as we can among our own people," said they.

After the Ordination service was concluded, the Council proceeded to the institution of a Church. Br. Soule performed the act of recognition. Twenty individuals who have faithfully contended "for the faith once delivered to the saints," and zealously struggled for truth and righteousness, through evil as well as through good report, were welcomed to the Fellowship of the churches through their Pastor. The service was very solemn and impressive. Many were those who rejoiced in the great salvation that day. The old and the young seemed equally impressed. The venerable Fathers in Israel could raise their heads from their bosoms and rejoice that God had mercifully prolonged their days, to witness the institution of this branch of the great Church universal. And there were the aged mothers, too, who had looked forward with longing eyes to see this day, and who now for the first time, celebrated the communion before joining the blessed Savior above. Parents, then, for the first time, taught their children the great importance of remembering the dying love of their crucified Redeemer. There was no scornee there—no sneering skeptic. All seemed to be born of love. Tears, those silent but expressive testimonials of heartfelt joy, might be seen trickling down the cheeks of all the professors of a partial faith as well as the believers in the one living and true God, who is the Savior of all men.

The Society enjoys preaching every Sabbath; has a flourishing Sabbath School; a church which promises to do much for the future, and a Social Benevolent Society. Our future prospects are more promising than that of any other Society in town, for the young are generally with us. We can say to our brethren, in truth, Universalism is doing a good work in Granby.

A. L. L.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BR. BALCH.

No. VII.

CALLANDER, SCOTLAND, }
June 4, 1848. }

We left Glasgow for Ayr, at 3 1-2 P. M. The route passes through Paisley, a large manufacturing town, with some interesting old relics of *war and religion*; Johnstone, another town of spindles and looms; Beith, Daley, to Troan, and thence to Ayr, a rusty old town, with the exception of the southern part of it. This whole region is full of interest in the wars and poetry of Scotland. Almost every spot is connected with the names of Wallace, Bruce, Scott and Burns—something the two former have *done*, or the two latter *said*. The country itself is far from interesting, being much of the way, sandy and barren, yet presenting a fine view of the Bay and highlands of Bute, Arroa and Cantire. We crossed the *new* one of the "Twa Brigs of Ayr," bespoke lodgings, and started forthwith for the "Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon." A pleasant walk of 2 1-2 miles, by the west road, brought us to the Doon, with Greenan Castle, a crumbling old ruin on the shore beyond. On the way, we met an old man, who knew Burns well, having lived beside him at Mossiel. He told us several anecdotes of him. He said, "he was sic a fine sooule as foo there be the like o' him." "He ken 'a hooman natur weel a bit he did." "Aie, but he gae the gear o' bad of it afore he died." We turned to the left and passed on another half mile, leaving the cottage where Burns was born, on our left, and went direct to "Alloway's auld haunted Kirk," where Tam O'Shanter, returning from a drunken frolic, "saw glimmering through the groaning trees," the frightful pranks of an infernal carnival. The naked, empty, roofless walls stand there now as then. The little turret holds the same small bell, and rank weeds grow where the witches danced, as if no longer disturbed by goblin revels. A tall plane tree, spreads its branches over the low walls of the kirk, and old tomb-stones to mark where the ancients sleep. A neat stone, directly in front of the gate, tells where the father and mother of "Robin" rest in peace. On the back is inscribed the beautiful words written to his father, which are familiar to every body.

A few rods from the Kirk, is a fine modern cottage, opposite to which is the Bruen's Inn. Between these passes the new road and bridge. To the left of the Inn passes the old road to the "Brig o' Doon," towards which poor, frightened Tam pressed his old Maggie with such furious speed that he might reach the "Keystone" of its single arch, and clear himself from the "bogles," which were in hot pursuit, knowing that witches could never cross a stream of water. But, alas! before he reached it, the old hag made a furious plunge at Tam's old mare, and

"The carlin caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump!"

Just above the old Brig, is the mill, whose "clap still plays clatter," opposite the Inn, across the old road, is a fine monument to Burns, and in the garden back of the Inn, the "well." We went upon the "Brig," and standing there, our party sang "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," which at that calm hour of twilight, had a most pleasing and solemn effect. I thought of the crushed and struggling spirit of the Poet. He was poor, unknown and unloved. None sympathized with his warm heart. The fire had burned in him, but for lack of fuel was consuming himself. There are many such cases where the high aspirations of a noble ambition, like the rank vine which feels around, but finds no support to which it may cling, and seek a guidance *upward*, after fruitless attempts

to rise, in its own strength, unaided, turns and clings around itself in strange and unnatural contortions, and falls at last, ready to be trod upon by the very persons, perchance, who alone had the power to keep it up, and guide it onward to success and honor. Burns had found a kindred soul to love; a heart that beat in unison with his own. He had felt the sweet inspiration. But she was too pure, too celestial. She came from the Highlands, a poor servant girl, unstudied in the cold arts and intrigues of fashionable life. Her beauty and modesty had won the heart of the poet, at a tender age, and his whole happiness, his very life, seemed to be wrapped up in hers. She went back to her Highland home, carrying at her vitals, the seeds of untimely death. She lingered and died, and poor Robert was overwhelmed with the shock. His sensitive soul never recovered. "Love of Jean" never filled that vacuum. The shadow of that cloud covered his whole life. A sadness dwelt at his heart. Sometimes, like the sun in showery weather, the pure spirit flickered out with fitful gleams of native purity and beauty. But the heart was seared. And poor, mistaken man, like a thousand others, he sought to quench the fire that burned so intensely within, or wake the spirits which flagged so heavily, with those exotics which stimulate, but to kill. His fits of love and laughter were forced, unnatural, and even succeeded by sadness and gloom. He acted not himself. The tempting dreams of society but sharpened the poignancy of his sorrows, when he fell back into himself. It was in these moments of depression that he sung the sweet words which came to us with such effect that night.

We called at the Cottage, and were shown the very spot where he was born—a recess in the kitchen. These same little windows of four panes, six inches square, out of which he looked upon the green fields; the same stone floor on which he was first taught to walk; the same fire-place, beside which his parents dandled him upon their knees, are still shown as objects of curiosity. Several specimens of his writings his Cotter's Saturday night, are shown—fac-similes of which are for sale. The *parlor* still stands, in most respects, as when he lived in it. The Cottage itself is like most others in this part of Scotland, a low thatched building, of two rooms, and a stable adjoining, under the same roof. An addition was made last year, on the south, running back by the "Burns Club," and finished in a very plain, neat style. It is ornamented with a bust of the Poet. The scenes about this spot are interesting to the admirers of the Rural Bard.

We returned to town about 10, and seeing a sign shining with "Brawnies," we were tempted to go in search of them. Following down a dark lane, some ten feet wide, a dozen rods or so, we, at last, came to the place, and went in. It was a bakers shop. A coarse wooden table was set on a clay floor, behind a board screen, and some wooden benches, on which the party sat down. A tin mug was the only furniture on the table. The baker set on a saucer with a round mutton pie in it, three inches in diameter and two thick, for each of us, with a coarse iron tea-spoon. He next poured some "sauce" out of a tin lamp-filler, and all was ready. We asked for drink. He filled the tin mug and set it on the table. I need not say we relished the *pastry* of this, the only refreshment-room we saw in Ayr, remarkably well. But alas, the "Bonnie" mutton pie, which the "gude man" said was "sic a mickle pie as nae man in Ayr ead bake," eaten at that late hour, did not much improve the quality of our sleep that night.

In consequence of my *pie-eating*, or something else, I could not sleep, and so I rose at about 2 o'clock. It was then light enough to see, and I wrote till five, when I crossed the "auld Brig o' Ayr," and rambled into the Kirk yard, on the Newtown side. While there reading the inscriptions upon the

tombs, a stout, hale, middle-aged man came in, and we entered into a free conversation on many topics. He talked much and intelligently of America, and of the wrongs of England, and the miseries of the people, and gave me much information touching the social relations in Scotland. He asked me home with him to show me his garden, a low, wet patch, some two hundred feet long, and twenty-five wide. A few vegetables were growing, which were very backward. He had what we call a Bowling Alley, I forget the name he gave it. Nine pins were set upon the ground, and a large ball, a foot or more in diameter, was rolled along the ground at them. The roll made, and then from whatever position the ball lays, it is taken up and thrown at the whole stand of pins. The count of these "two chances" gives one the game. I made a roll and beat him. He then tried quoits. He pitched 21 yards, quoits weighing 13 lbs. I took lighter ones at 15 paces, and he beat me at that! This is a great game in Ayrshire, and

all over Scotland. Sometimes a fine silver quoit is set up to be pitched for. A trial of that kind has been often made, he told me, between the English and Scotch. The latter always won. This exercise over he took me to the top of Wallace's monument, a famous high tower, built upon the spot where that hero fell, wounded in the conflict. It rises high above all surrounding objects, and from the top there was a splendid view of the surrounding country, that clear, calm morning. Part way up the tower, in a niche, stands a gigantic statue of Scotland's ill-requited chief, clad in the armor of war, in an attitude for fight. I parted with my good friend, in whom I had become much interested, at 7 o'clock, and returned to the hotel to breakfast.

At 8 we started for Glasgow, where we arrived at 10 1-2, and walked about the city till 4, when we left for Stirling. The railroad passes through a pretty country, and a few villages, but we saw nothing worthy of note till we came to Bannockburn, a place celebrated in history and in song. We looked over the battle-field, had the positions of the armies pointed out, but nothing is seen but the stones, in which Bruce set his colors at the commencement of the battle, behind which no man was to retreat under penalty of death. The poor stone has been hacked and hammered away, till it has been found necessary to fence it in with an iron railing.

Two miles more brought us to Stirling, and one of the finest and most interesting spots in all Scotland. The view of it from any position is most imposing, and the whole country around, seen in any direction, is equally interesting. The town is built upon the south-eastern declivity of an eminence, which ascends rapidly from the surrounding plain, which is elevated but a few feet above the waters of the Forth, at high tide; and is crowned by the castle in the rear. On the West and North the rock is almost perpendicular several hundred feet. This was the royal residence for many years; and the magnificence of royalty is yet to be seen. Here Kings were born and crowned, noblemen slain, and many a horrid legend is told of it. I have not room for a full description. We went inside the walls and looked about for some one to conduct us. A tremendous shower came on and we took shelter near the "Lion's den" with some soldiers. One of whom, about four-fifths drunk, offered to explain every thing, but whenever he started he forgot Stirling, to talk about Gibraltar, where he had been. After shaking him off, and the rain being over, we sallied out and went through the building looking for a guide, but finding none. A woman pointed to a gate, through which we went out upon the principal wall, and had a splendid view of the surrounding country. To the North-west up the vale of the Monieith, the eye roamed with delight to the high hills from among which the "infant Forth" issues out. Ben Vairlick, Ben Ledi, Ben Venue, and fur-

ther west, Ben Lomond, thrust up their hoary heads; to the Northeast the sweet vale of Allan Water, and the Ochill Hills. East, the winding Forth and bright green meadows, through which it flows, with the old ruin of Combuskenneth Abbey, the villages of Alloa, Kincardim, &c. South, the broad plain, with copse of trees,—hamlets, villas, kirk spires, &c., around the scene. In short I have never seen a grander spot, every thing considered. The relics of antiquity, the legends of romance, the emblems of royal magnificence, which the finger of time has pointed to, and the progress of the age suffered to go measurably into disuse; the hum of busy industry, and the rich green fields and the wider range of splendid natural scenery, all combine to throw about this place an enchantment I never witnessed before. Loftier scenes I have looked upon. But so much of *royalty* I never saw before. In the midst of so many legendary stories, I now stand. The grass grown up from the blood of slaughtered nobility, never washed in my presence till now. Hence the confused thoughts that rushed through my mind while walking round these walls.

Returning to the court we met a party of Americans, with whom we went through various parts of the different buildings, now occupied as barracks, armories &c. In the Chapel is seen the pulpit in which John Knox once preached his celebrated coronation sermon and crowned James VI. Under it is an old Roman dial. The flags borne in different battles, guns, dirks, &c. captured on different occasions—the room where Dunlap was stabbed by James II., by whose authority the common translation of the Bible was "appointed to be read in the Churches, and many other wonders "too numerous to mention" are pointed out.

From the castle, near the town, is the old church, in which James V. and Mary were crowned, and James VI. and his son Prince Henry were baptised. It is a remarkable old structure, worthy of its time. It is still used as a place of worship, or a part of it. On the North, close by, is an old, unfinished building, begun by Earl Mar, from the ruins of the Abbey, on the plain below. The populace became infuriated against him for his sacrilege and he never completed his work, but inscribed in old letters, hardly distinguishable:

"Speak forth and spair nocht;
Consider weel, and cair nocht:"

"No mair I stand in oppin'hith,
My faustis, more subject to the sitht."

"I pray all lukars on this lugin
With gentle e to gif their juging."

Having looked about pretty thoroughly and learned what we could, we took coach for this place. Passing down the hill north by the point where several noblemen were beheaded, we came upon the plain, and rode for some several miles through rich handsome fields of wheat. On our way we passed some fair looking residences, some miserable cottages, and stopped awhile at Doune, where there is a romantic castle in ruins, leaving the Braes on our right and followed up the Teith to this romantic village, situated at the very gate of the Highlands. We are "located" snugly in a private house for the sake of retirement for the Sabbath, and for a little rest from travelling and seeing.

We have been to the famous Brochlin Bridge, accounted a wondrous waterfall in this country, where the Keltic, now greatly swollen by the freshets of the past two weeks, is precipitated down among the rocks, and whirled and tumbled about for several rods, in a rather uncereemonious manner. Poetry has magnified this spot by its charms, though in itself, it possesses no very wonderful attractions, when compared with the Passaic, Trenton, Genesee, and numerous other cascades in our country. We also visited the old Roman sampt, on the little plain

a few rods from us, close on the banks of the Teith. It is a mound, extending in all, more than a mile in a zigzag course, rising ten or fifteen feet, and is covered with trees. It was built before the Christian era.

We attended the *Free Church*. Such a sermon we have not heard in years. It was pure blue, double-distilled Calvinism. To crown all, a child was christened, the ceremony of which, the father, as the "believing parent"—(the mother, though present, was not named,) renewed his faith in the creed of the Church, and promised to teach that creed to the child "as soon as the child could understand it." If he does not before, or until he *understands it* himself, little good or ill will be done. But my sheet is full. Farewell W. S. B.

ORCHARD STREET SABBATH SCHOOL.

This School made its annual excursion on Tuesday of last week. The day was one of the finest of the season. Not a cloud obscured the sky; not a sign of rain was visible; and a gentle breeze, which lasted from morning till night, made the air just cool enough for active exercise. It was feared from the great numbers that collected at the different landings, that the crowd would be so great, as to render the occasion unpleasant. But the *COLUMBIA*, which had been chartered for the excursion, was found to be large enough to accommodate all without the slightest inconvenience. Though there were about a thousand on board, there was plenty of room for all. There is no boat used for excursions that is so commodious as the *Columbia*. It is wide, and long, and very staunch. Its captain is one of the most gentlemanly men connected with our numerous steamboats of New York. He was exceedingly obliging, and did every thing he could, for the comfort and convenience of the party.

The Grove at Glen Cove is large, well shaded, and delightfully pleasant. The owner, Mr. Weeks, of the Pavilion, is a very gentlemanly man, and exerted himself much for the gratification of our company. About fifty ladies and gentlemen dined with him.

The day was spent chiefly in recreation. All were actively employed; and we know not when we have seen a party, that appeared to be more happy. There was amusement without dissipation, and cheerfulness without any wild merriment. We heard no noise, saw no confusion, and believe there was no improper deportment upon the ground. All seemed to be gratified, and to take pleasure in making each other happy. There was an abundance to eat, and plenty of cold water to drink. The band played, not only on the passage to and from the Grove, but during the whole day. Its sweet music made the Grove alive with melody; and as its delightful strains reverberated over the shaded grounds, and died away in the thickening woods or upon the placid waters, it seemed as though we were in an enchanted region.

About an hour before the time for leaving, the company was called together, by Br. Collamore, the Superintendent, for religious exercises. Though all did not hear the call, some six or seven hundred assembled. The exercises were commenced by singing a hymn appropriate to the occasion. Br. B. B. Hallock offered a Prayer. H. Greeley, Esq., was then introduced, and occupied about ten minutes. His remarks were excellent, and all listened with great attention. He spoke upon the social influence, of such gatherings. They did, he said, much to make people acquainted, to awaken an interest in each other, and to strengthen their bond of union. We are too cold, too distant, too stiff. Religion was designed to cultivate kindly feelings, and if it were rightly understood, and proper exertions were made, the young would be so trained that none would be left to be transformed by sudden conversions. He hoped much from Sabbath Schools. Although in their infancy, they had

done a great work. Father Rayner followed Mr. Greeley, in an appropriate speech. A piece was then spoken by one of the scholars, which was received with great favor. A few remarks from Br. Lyon, concluded the services. The excursion was, in all respects, one of the most pleasant we ever attended.

INSTALLATION AT SALEM, MASS.

Br. B. F. Bowles, late of the Theological class at Clinton, was ordained as Pastor of the 2d Universalist Society in Salem, July 15th. After the organization of the Council, the candidate was questioned in regard to his views upon the Bible; for the ministers present had no wish to set apart to the work of the ministry a man who denied that Christ was a divinely commissioned teacher from God. The answers of the candidate being satisfactory, it was voted to proceed with the services. They were conducted in the following order.

Reading Scriptures, by Br. I. Washburn.

Introductory Prayer, by Br. A. Hichborn.

Sermon, by Br. T. D. Cook.

Ordaining prayer, by Br. J. Moore.

Delivery of Scriptures and Charge, By Br. S. Cobb.

Right Hand of Fellowship, by Br. E. Fisher.

Address to the Society, by Br. C. H. Fay.

Benediction, by the Pastor.

The Sermon by Br. Cook was a valuable production. The text was 1 Cor. iv: 2.—"*Moreover, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful.*" The subject of the discourse was the faithfulness of the gospel minister.

NEW MINISTERS.

The Green Mountain Association of Universalists at its late session in Reading, Vt., granted Letters of Fellowship to Brs. E. W. Loveland and J. Forester, as preachers of the Gospel. The Hartford, Ct. Association granted a letter of Fellowship to Br. A. L. Loveland.

REV. J. B. DODS.

The Massachusetts Convention of Universalists, passed at its late session, the following resolutions.

Resolved, That it is our duty to announce to the world, that Mr. J. B. Dods is not in fellowship with the denomination of Universalists, and that we do not consider ourselves in any way responsible for his conduct.

Voted, That all our denominational papers be requested to publish the above resolution.

THE CHARITY OF O. A. BROWNSON.

This religious turn-coat, who a few years since embraced Catholicism, is already at war with some of his church.—Speaking of the Italian liberals who are laboring for the regeneration of their native land, he denounces them as, "miscreants—the spawn of hell, who are doing their best to desolate Europe, and replunge the nations civilized by Christianity into the darkness of barbarism."

CONVERSION.

Rev. E. Collins, of Switzerland Co., Indiana, formerly a Methodist preacher, has embraced Universalism, and connected himself with our denomination. He is a man of good moral and religious character.

REMOVALS.

Br. N. Snell having removed from Minden, Montgomery co to Kelloggsville, Cayuga co., N. Y. and taken the pastoral charge of the Society in the latter place, wishes all papers and communications intended for him to be directed accordingly.

The following was so badly printed last week that we are constrained to republish it, at the request of the author.

TROY, N. Y.

The following letter from Br. Waggoner, will be read with interest. We congratulate our friends in Troy on their success.

Br. BULKELEY:—I have just returned from my journey North, and have barely time to write you a word or two. I have the gratification of saying that the final adjustment of our mortgage affairs has at length taken place, and our friends feel like thanking God and taking courage. This they will no doubt at once do—perhaps I shall preach a Sermon on the subject. All breathe easier, and we think the future prosperity of our cause, in this city, is more amply provided for. Great credit is due to our Board of Trustees, and to those faithful souls, who so nobly breasted the work, and faltered not, till the object desired was accomplished. They shall have their reward.

I am at liberty to inform you that Br. Joseph Baker of Madrid, St. Lawrence Co., has received and accepted an invitation to settle with the Society at Glens Falls, and that he will remove there soon.

Br. E. W. Reynolds, who has supplied for me for three Sundays past, left here this morning to supply a short time at Glens Falls—perhaps till Br. B. removes there. Br. Reynolds is at present destitute of a location, but he intends to settle again ere long. I believe he is at liberty to receive any considerations which destitute Parishes may wish to present him. He supplied for me with excellent acceptance.

Truly thine, W. H. WAGGONER.

Troy, July 15, 1848.

NEWARK SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

The Excursion of the Newark School took place according to appointment. The weather was exceedingly unpropitious in the morning, nevertheless a large number were on board the Jonas Heart, making the party sufficiently large for comfort, considering the size of the Boat. The place of destination was Fort Hamilton, the grounds of which had been very politely tendered by Col. Church, of that Station. Arriving there we found the grove rather damp, but the exercise of a little philosophy and a determination to have a happy time, made every thing pleasant around us. The clouds which had threatened rain, dispersed, and swings, skips, balls, &c. were put in requisition, and all appeared merry and happy. At 12 o'clock the long table was set, and the whole company enjoyed the dinner with a hearty relish; some, indeed, illustrating, in another, than the original sense, the words patient continuance in well doing.

UNIVERSALIST WATCHMAN.

We ought to have announced, ere this, that the Universalist Watchman has entered upon a new volume. The Watchman is a candid paper, judiciously edited and neatly printed. Its editor, Br. E. Ballou, is one of our ablest ministers, and he is assisted by numerous good correspondents. The Watchman is doing an excellent work, and always breathes the right spirit towards friends and foes. It is a true Watchman. It is published at Montpelier, Vt., at \$2 per year.

NEW LONDON, CONN.

Subscribers in New London, will hereafter find their papers at Mr. Wm. O. Irish's News Depot near the P. O. As we have made arrangements to have the paper sent free of postage, we indulge the hope that it may lead to an increase of patronage. Mr. Irish is authorized to receive subscriptions and receipt for money paid on our account.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES IN CONNECTICUT.

Br. L. C. Browne, of Norwich, has received and accepted an invitation to return to Nashua, N. H.

We learn, also, that Br. T. J. Greenwood has resigned the pastoral charge of the Society in New London.

It is with deep regret that we are called upon to chronicle the removal of these able and faithful servants of Christ, from a field of labor where their services were so much needed, and where they have so successfully labored. Since the change was thought to be expedient, it is gratifying to know that it was not occasioned either by the dissatisfaction of the societies with their pastors, or of the pastors with their societies, but by causes of an entirely different nature.

NEW PREACHER.

Br. James W. Dennis, a member of the Universalist Church, Newark, N. J., has commenced preaching the Everlasting Gospel. His character is unexceptionable, with zeal and knowledge adapted to the work of the ministry. I take pleasure in recommending him to the attention of our friends wherever God, in his providence, may direct him. May he be instrumental in turning many to righteousness.

Newark, N. J. J. G.

THE ERIE RAIL ROAD.

We made a delightful trip upon this road, as far as Middletown, last week. The rapid and prompt travel, the commodious cars, the varied scenery on the route, make it one of the most excellent roads in the country. And when in addition to these advantages, we consider the courtesy and efficiency of the Officers connected with the road, we most heartily recommend it to the patronage of the public. It is destined to be the channel of a rich and immense traffic, and a far-extended intercourse.

E. H. C.

BR. WM. LIVINGSTON.

We learn, says the Watchman that this good Brother has commenced preaching in Barnard, and trust his services in that ancient town will be blessed to the good of the cause in that place. Br. L. requests to be addressed at Barnard, Vt.

HARTLAND, VT.

Br. E. W. Loveland has received and accepted an invitation to settle with the Universalist Society at Hartland. He desires to have all communications directed to him accordingly.

New Publications.

THE YOUNG SCHOOL-MISTRESS, by Joseph Alden, D. D.; New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff Street. This is an 18 mo. of 197 pages, neatly printed on superior paper, and elegantly bound. The story is well told, and full of interest. Mr. Alden seems to be one of those writers who can refer to the subject of religion, without introducing total depravity, vicarious atonement and endless misery. So far as we have read, the religious views of this work are of a cheerful character, and calculated to do good.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS, Part 6.—This old work, usually known as the "Arabian Nights," is neatly printed and illustrated by 600 beautiful designs on wood. But few works have been so extensively read. It is to be completed in twelve Parts. Each part is sold at 25 cents. Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

TOBACCO AND HEALTH ALMANAC.—Fowlers & Wells have published an Almanac for 1849, bearing the above title. It is published at their office 131 Nassau Street, New York, and contains, besides the usual matter of an Almanac, a dissertation on the use of Tobacco.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

THE EVE THAT FIRST WE MET.

BY MISS A. A. MORTON.

The brow, the azure brow of night,
With glittering stars was set,
That seemed like twinkling pearls of light;
The eve that first we met.
And breezes soft were on the air,
To fan the drooping flowers;
And list the music sweet and fair,
They breathed unto the hours.

Yet, though the stars shone forth so bright,
I gazed into thine eyes,
And found therein a fairer light
Than those upon the skies.
And softer than the sweetest breeze
That bade the air rejoice,
Or dallied with the leafy trees,
Was thine own silv'ry voice.

And while I gazed upon those eyes,
I took thy hand in mine;
Then brought my heart a sacrifice,
And laid it on thy shrine.
And there, in trembling fear it lay,
Awaiting for its fate;
Thy heart beheld, nor turned away,
But chose it for a mate.

And since that eve long years have passed,
Yet still the stars are bright,
For, like thine eyes, they have not lost
One single ray of light.
And steadfast as those stars above
Has been thy heart to mine;
Still gently from its depths of love,
A holy light doth shine.

No clouds can rise to dim its rays;

A beacon light it seems

'Twas shed in our youthful days,

Yet brighter now it gleams.

And fair has ever seemed my way,

As though with sunbeams set,

Since I beheld its glowing ray,

The eve that first we met.

Hatfield, Mass.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

BY MRS. CHILD.

There is a false necessity with which we industriously surround ourselves; a circle that never expands; whose iron never changes to ductile gold. This is the presence of public opinion, the intolerable restraint of conventional forms. Under this despotic influence, men and women check their best impulses, suppress their highest thoughts. Each longs for full communion with other souls, but dares not give utterance to its yearnings. What hinders? The fear of what Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Clark will say; or the frown of some sect; or the anathema of some synod; or the fashion of some clique; or the laugh of some club; or the misrepresentation of some political party. Thou art afraid of thy neighbor, and knowest not that he is equally afraid of thee. He has bound thy hands, and thou hast fettered his feet. It were wiser for both to snap the imaginary bond and walk onward unshackled. If thy heart yearns for love, be loving; if thou wouldst free mankind, be free; if thou wouldst have a brother frank to thee, be frank with him.

But what will people say?

What does it concern thee what they say? Thy life is not in their hands. They can give thee nothing of real value nor take from thee any thing that is worth having. Satan may promise thee all the kingdoms of the earth, but he has not one acre of it to give. He may offer much as the price of his worship, but there is a flaw in all his title deeds. Eternal and sure is the promise: Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.

But I shall be misunderstood—misrepresented.

And what if thou art? They who throw stones at what is above them, receive missiles back again by the law of gravity; and lucky are they who bruise not their own faces. Would that I could persuade all who read this to be truthful and free, to say what they think, and act what they feel, to cast from them, like ropes of sand, all fears of sects and parties, of clans and classes.

What is there of joyful freedom in our social intercourse?

We meet to see each other, and not a peep do we get under the thick, stifling veil which each carries about him. We visit to enjoy ourselves, and our host takes away all our freedom, while we destroy his own. If the host wishes to walk or ride, he dares not, lest it seem impolite to the guests; if the guest wishes to read or sleep, he dares not, lest it seem impolite to the host; so they remain slaves, and feel it relief to part company. A few individuals, mostly in foreign lands, arrange this matter with wiser freedom. If a visitor arrive, they say, "I am very busy to-day; if you wish to ride, there are horses and saddles in the stables; if you wish to read, there are books in the parlor; if you want to work, the men are raking hay in the fields; if you want to romp, the children are at play in the court; if you want to talk to me, I can be with you at such an hour. Go where you please, and while you are here do as you please."

At some houses in Florence, large parties meet without the slightest preparation. It is understood that on some particular evening of the week, a lady or a gentleman always receives their friends. In one room are books and flowers; in another, pictures and engravings; in a third, music. Couples are ensconced in some shaded alcove, or groups dotted about the room in mirthful or serious conversation. No one is required to speak to his host, either entering or departing. Lemonade and baskets of fruit stand here and there on the side tables, that all may take who like; but eating, which constitutes so large a part of American entertainments, is a slight and almost unnoticed incident in these festivals of intellect and taste. Wouldst thou like to see such social freedom introduced here? Then do it. But the first step must be complete indifference to Mrs. Smith's assertion that you were mean enough to offer only one kind of cake to your company, and to put less shortening in the under-crust of your pies than the upper. Let Mrs. Smith talk, according to her griefs; be thou assured that all living souls love freedom better than cakes or under-crust.

From the Journal of Commerce.

PERSECUTION OF THE QUAKERS AT BOSTON.

Rev. Chas. A. Goodrich, in his History of the United States, speaking of this subject says:

"In 1656, the Quakers making their appearance in Massachusetts, the legislature of the colony passed severe laws against them. No master of a vessel was allowed to bring any one of this sect into its jurisdiction on the penalty of £100. Other still severer penalties were inflicted upon them in 1657, such as cutting their ears, boring their tongues with a hot iron, &c. They were at length banished on the pain of death, and for refusing to go, were executed in 1659.

I find copies of various laws enacted in regard to the Quakers, in a work entitled, "An abstract of the sufferings of the people called Quakers. Printed and sold by the Assigns of F. Sowle at the Bible in George York, Lombard street, London, 1733." From which I copy the following;

"An Act made at a General Court held at Boston the 20th of October, 1658.

Whereas there is a pernicious sect (commonly called Quakers) lately risen, who, by word and writing, have published and maintained many dangerous and horrid tenets, and do take upon them to change and alter the received and laudable customs of our nation, in giving civil respect to equals, or reverence to superiors, whose actions tend to undermine the civil government, and also to destroy the order of churches, by denying all established forms of worship, and by withdrawing from orderly church fellowship, allowed and approved by all orthodox professors of the Truth, and instead thereof and in opposition thereunto, frequently meeting themselves, insinuating themselves into the minds of the simple, and such as are least affected to the order

and government of church and common wealth, whereby divers of our inhabitants have been infected, notwithstanding all former laws made upon the experience of their arrogant and bold obtrusions to disseminate their principles amongst us, prohibiting their coming into this jurisdiction, they have not been deterred from impetuous attempts to undermine our peace and hazard our ruin;

"For prevention thereof, this court doth order and enact, that any person or persons of the cursed sect of the Quakers, who is not an inhabitant of, but is found within this jurisdiction, shall be apprehended without warrant, where no magistrate is at hand by any constable, commissioner, or selectman, and conveyed from constable to constable to the next magistrate, who shall commit the said person to close prison, there to remain (without bail) unto the next Court of Assistants where they shall have a legal trial. And being convicted to be of the sect of the Quakers, shall be sentenced to be banished upon pain of death. And that every inhabitant of this jurisdiction, being convicted to be of the aforesaid sect, either by taking up, publishing, or defending the horrid opinions of the Quakers, or stirring up mutiny, sedition, or rebellion against the government, or by taking up their absurd and destructive practices, viz. denying civil respect to equals and superiors, and withdrawing from our church order, or by adhering to or approving of any known Quaker and the tenets and practices of the Quakers, that are opposite to the orthodox received opinions of the godly, and endeavoring to dissuade others to civil government and church orders, or condemning the practices and proceedings of this Court against the Quakers, manifesting thereby their complying with those whose design is to overthrow the order established in Church and State, every such person, upon conviction before the said court of assistants, in manner aforesaid, shall be committed to close prison for one month, and then, unless they choose voluntarily to depart this jurisdiction, shall give bond for their good behavior, and appear at the next court, where continuing obstinate, and refusing to retract and reform the aforesaid opinions, they shall be sentenced to banishment upon pain of death. And any one Magistrate, upon information given him of any such person, shall cause him to be apprehended, and shall commit any such person to prison, according to his discretion, until he come to trial as aforesaid."

Who would have thought these law-makers themselves had left their own native land because they could not join with the established form of worship? Trusting you will give place to the foregoing in your Independent Journal, I conclude and subscribe

A COUNTRY QUAKER.

1 Mo. 3, 1848.

Here is a little bit of good advice, suited to all complexions

MORAL COSMETICS.

Ye who would save your features florid,
Lilthe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,
From age's devastation horrid,

Adopt this plan—

Twill make, in climates cold or torrid,

A hale old man:—

Avoid, in youth, luxurious diet;
Restrain the passions' lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,

Be wisely gay;

So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,

Resist decay.

Seek not in mammon's worship pleasure,
But find your richest, dearest treasure
In books, friends, music, polished leisure;
The mind, not sense,
Make the sole scale by which ye measure
Your opulence.

This is the solace—this the science—
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,

Whate'er his state;

But challenges, with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.

London Weekly Dispatch.

He aims at power of the noblest kind
Who tames the stubborn passion of his mind,
And reigns the monarch of his own desires.

B. J. T. S.

FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

In early childhood you lay the foundation of poverty or riches, in the habits you give your children. Teach them to save everything—not for their *own* use, for that would make them selfish; but for some use. Teach them to *share* everything with their play-mates; but never allow them to *destroy* anything. Economy is generally despised as a low virtue, tending to make people ungenerous and selfish. This is true of avarice; but it is not so of economy. The man who is economical, is laying up for himself the permanent power of being useful and generous. He who thoughtlessly gives away ten dollars, when he owes a hundred dollars more than he can pay, deserves no praise; he obeys a sudden impulse, more like instinct than reason. It would be real charity to check this feeling; because the good he does may be doubtful, while the injury he does his family and creditors is certain. True economy is a careful Treasurer in the service of benevolence; and where they are united, respectability, prosperity, and peace will follow. If men would have women economical, they must be so themselves! What motive is there for patient industry, and careful economy, when the savings of a month are spent in some useless and selfish gratification, and more than the value of much desired but rejected dress is expended during the stay of a new set of comedians? Make your own bread and cake. Some people think it just as cheap to buy of the baker and confectioner; but it is not half as cheap. True, it is more convenient, and therefore the rich are justifiable in employing them; but those who are under the necessity of being economical, should make convenience a secondary object. In the first place, confectioners make their cake richer than people of moderate income can afford to make it; in the next place, your domestic, or yourself, may just as well employ your own time, as to pay them for theirs.

MANUFACTURE OF NEEDLES.

Needles go through a number of operations before they are complete. Some commence with steel wire hardened others, harden it afterwards. The wire is first reeled into a coil, which is cut apart in two places with shears, and then drawn a second time, after which it is cut into lengths just sufficient for two needles in each piece. These pieces are then straightened by rolling a bundle of them together upon a hard surface, being afterwards sharpened upon a revolving grindstone. The pieces are now cut in two at the middle, the blunt ends flattened by a hammer, preparatory for the eye, which is afterwards pierced by machinery. They are then polished by plunging them into a bath of melted metal, and immediately after into cold water, then thrown into a wabber—a barrel rapidly revolving upon an axis not placed in the centre—with emery and a putty made of the oxide of tin, by which they are burnished. They are then taken out and separated by a winnowing apparatus, and put up in papers for sale—the quantity not being counted, but regulated by weight. The eye was formerly pierced by children, who became so expert that with one blow of a punch they would frequently pierce a hole, through which they would thread a hair from the head, and hand it to their visitors.

There are but three manufactories in this country, and one of these imports them from Europe in a half finished state and then finishes them, the European labor being less expensive.—*Farmer and Mechanic.*

LONDON—ITS SIZE—PARKS.—According to the Rev. Mr. Bellows the sale of the public parks of London would probably pay off the national debt. "The first and last characteristic of London," he writes, "the peculiarity which thrust itself upon you every moment, is its size! Of this no description gives an adequate idea. To say that it is thirty miles around, or that one may ride seven or eight miles across the town without getting out of uninterrupted rows of houses, to say that it is ten times as large as New York, and has a hundred streets half as long and as well built as Broadway; to say that it includes parks, in which the whole city of Boston, or all New York, below Bleeker street might be enclosed, may help one to form a notion of its magnitude."

NEW WHEAT has been brought into Rochester—the first in market and raised in the town of Yates. So say the papers of the 6th.

LONGEVITY.—The Providence Journal says that Mrs. Mary Bacon, aged one hundred and eight years died in that city on Monday afternoon last.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

From the Youth's Visitor.

"LITTLE NELL."

Have you read of little Nelly?
A sweet and gentle child,
How in a home all dreary,
Like some fair flower she smiled?
She lived with an old grandfather,
The poor man loved her well,
She had no other parent,
The orphan little Nell.

No parents and no play fellows
To make her childhood bright;
But she grew up in the city,
Alone and out of sight,
Her heart was filled with longings
Mid trees and flowers to dwell,
But such was not her happy lot,
Poor, homeless little Nell.

This is a sweet sad story;
How by the old man's side
She lived through toil and sorrow,
And early drooped and died;
But gentle death released her,
She now in heaven doth dwell,
For angels beckoned to her,
The dying little Nell.

S. W. J.

From the Christian Register.

REV. S. OSGOOD'S REMARKS.

AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Mr. Osgood said that he agreed with the leading idea in the excellent report, that too exclusive importance had been attached to the education of the intellectual powers, and that the heart had been far too much neglected. Yet he did not think that the intellect had been enough cared for in its highest faculties. We are too much a nation of calculators, and the chief study of our youth is arithmetic—a study important indeed, and based upon the laws of the Creator, but by no means the great science of life. Nay, a man may be a great mathematician, and yet be but a kind of calculating machine; and in the most important sense of the term, false to his reason—the divine reason, which gives man affinity with God and the Light of the world. La Place, if indeed, he was an Atheist, was but a sublime fool, for the fool in his heart saith There is no God. In the city of Providence, the School Committee had ascertained, that arithmetic occupied the chief part of the time in most of the schools, and the result forthwith was a reduction of the amount of time given to it by about one half, and the substitution of studies better adapted to the culture of the whole mind.

Mr. O. remarked, that the resolutions proposed for discussion seemed to turn upon four points, upon each of which he would say a passing word.

1. THE CHILD.—What is the child? a creature not needing restraint and guidance, and to be left to grow up as his natural instincts dictated? or, a being dependent upon education and never truly himself, except when under true moral and spiritual influence? The child is not to be left to himself. The earthly elements preponderate first in his nature, and the spiritual faculties need to be quickened by judicious means. First cometh the natural and afterwards the spiritual. It will not do, to glorify childhood as has been the habit, and try to make children believe that they are altogether heavenly and need only to keep their innocence. This theory is neither sanctioned by Scripture nor experience, nor by the liberal theologians whose names are sometimes quoted in its defence. How profoundly Channing had observed the wilfulness of little children and the need of watching over them carefully, his Memoirs fully show. Christ loved little children, and called them to his arms; but he spake of them in words that indicate their need as much as their innocence—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven"—or it is of these and such as these that the kingdom of heaven is to consist, or the subjects of the heavenly empire are to be composed. The child is not a being of hell, nor altogether of earth, nor wholly of heaven. Of elements singularly mingled, the little crea-

ture is sadly situated, if not brought under the influence of truths and institutions that represent the kingdom of heaven.

2. THE WORLD.—The world lies in wait for the child, and will soon have him in subjection if the Gospel of the kingdom does not save him from its thrall. How soon the world gets firm hold of him, parents are often amazed to learn.—Even the infant catches the ways of the world, and the nursery sometimes repeats the drama of history, and illustrates the caprices of temper and the tendencies to vanity and vice that make the world what it is. The world will have the child, unless he is won to God by a power above the world. If the Gospel be not brought to bear upon the child's mind, there is another ministry whose importunities will never cease. The question asked by Old Latimer, "Who is the most diligent minister of all the realm?" finds the same answer from all. Satan never abates his zeal, and visits young and old with most obsequious care. He will find entrance, unless he be kept out by heavenly agency. It is not enough to wish him away or order him away. He will not go, until God and good angels displace him, and occupy his room.

3. THE GOSPEL.—Here is the need of the Gospel for the child—that Gospel, which is good news of the reality and blessedness of the divine kingdom, whose sovereign is God, whose law is love, whose promise is eternal life. It is word, yet not word alone, but spirit and life. It is the great reality and should be presented to the child in its practical force and beauty, with all the aids of judicious instruction and efficient church institutions. Thus the great work of religious education presents itself.

4. SALVATION.—To save the child from the world by the Gospel, such is the aim of the teacher, whatever be his name, whether parent, pastor or instructor.

The great theory needed is to commit the soul from the very outset to God through Christ. Vain the notion, that the child may be kept in a state of religious indifference until the years of discretion come, when a free choice may be made between good and ill, truth and falsehood. From the very first the young mind should be prepossessed by religion as the young appetite is to be prepossessed by wholesome food, instead of being left to choose at venture between food and poison. The law of the Creator is, that the child depends upon parents, and must receive from them the best influences and blessings which they have to impart. What gift so precious as the Gospel! What folly to think it essential to bring up the child in the material house with all its physical comforts, and yet neglect to bring him up also within the spiritual house or Christian kingdom, with all its heavenly truths and graces. Nothing better expresses the true relation of the child to the Gospel and the Church, than the rite of baptism as held by the great mass of Christians in all ages, and as interpreted by the best minds of our time. From the beginning, then, let the saving work be planned and pursued. The Sunday School should carry out the meaning of the baptismal rite and the influence of the Christian home; the school should be made in every way laudable, attractive, and should be regarded with dignity as a portion of the Church, nay, as the Church of childhood. A fit apartment for a Sunday School is one of the achievements of architecture and the other fine arts that we are yet to see. It would be easy enough to describe the true model by saying what it should not be. It should not be the cheerless, uncomfortable place, which so many of our school rooms are.

Mr. Osgood then spoke at some length of the weak point in our system, our want of success in retaining scholars long enough under instruction—the too frequent worldliness which animates the youth of our parishes whose age should move them to be more interested in religion than before they leave the school. Many think the age of fourteen quite old enough for emancipation from pupillage, and too often no strong Christian influence takes the place of Sunday school instruction, and our little gentlemen and ladies go to swell the throng of worldliness and frivolity at a time when they ought to be prepared to become members of the church, refresh its energies by their enthusiasm, and steady their impulsiveness by its benign sobriety. This point needs looking to. The remedy will probably be found in some catechetical system which shall aim to bring the youth of the parish into closer and more endearing connection with the pastor, and prepare all who are properly disposed for their first communion. Our friend and brother, M. Coquerel, of Paris, has great success in his catechetical lectures. He can look upon many a young man in the excited crowd around him whose mind he has saved from infidelity; and should bloody times renew the old reign of terror, he might share the lot of Pinel, the great reformer of Lunatic Asylums, who was saved from death by one of the mob who recognized in him the preserver who cast off his chains,

and restored him to his senses by the medicine of good will.—Surely atheism is as much an insanity as physical madness, and its cure merits at least equal gratitude.

Mr. Osgood closed his remarks, of which we have given but an outline, by an illustration drawn from the recent account of the building of an iron bridge over a deep ravine, through which a fierce torrent rushed. A piece of twine was first dorned over by a kite to the tower—a cord was attached—to the cord a rope, and to the rope an iron chain. Thus the little sailor of the air, the plaything of childhood, the kite, began the communication which ended in the bridge of iron. So the education of childhood, from its earliest season, should begin the work which ends in bridging over two worlds, and bringing the child into eternal communion with the heavenly kingdom. From rock to rock, let the chains of adamant be fastened, and heaven and earth be one.

Secular Department.

ARRIVAL HOME OF THE MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.—

The *Boston Traveller* contains the following account of the arrival of the Volunteers :

Last evening, the survivors of the Massachusetts Volunteer Regiment arrived at the Cambridge Crossing. About 2,000 persons had assembled to give them a welcome, and as they drove in sight a cheer was raised. It was received by the volunteers almost in silence. Like statues they sat, apparently afraid to stir for fear of exhibiting their rags and squalor. Much of this appearance may be attributed to their long journey, more to their own improvidence and their inexperience in one of the regular soldier's chief duties—the care and preservation of his uniform and equipments; but they are a living witness of what war really is—terrible and destructive both physically and morally.

One Volunteer remarked to his friend, that “they didn't make much of a show,” and truly they did not, in the light in which he viewed “a show.” The people who had gathered, viewed in silent astonishment, the sight before them, and many of the soldiers shrank from their investigations. A number of the members of the Committee of Reception, who met the Regiment at Springfield, came to the conclusion that the first thing to be done was to provide them with decent apparel. The number of the Regiment, officers included, who have arrived is four hundred and fifty-nine, out of six hundred and forty who left here.....Col. Wright, continues the *Traveller*, fainted away from exhaustion soon after his arrival, and it was necessary to take him away in a carriage.....There are many stories of cruelty and tyranny told by the men with regard to their officers—and on the other hand the officers charge that the destitute and ragged condition of a portion of their commands is to be attributed to their own improvidence.

AWFUL CALAMITY AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The *N. O. Picayune* of the 15th contains the following particulars of the recent disaster in that city, which we have already briefly noticed by telegraph :

One of the most heart-rending calamities that we have lately had to record, occurred about 7 o'clock on Thursday last, on the levee opposite the Ursuline convent. On Tuesday last a small portion of the levee at that spot gave way, and sunk, and some persons were entertained at the time that a large portion would soon break off. On the evening we have spoken of, some men were engaged in driving pickets down at the place where the bank had given way, in order to prevent the levee from further wearing away by the action of the water. Some fifteen or twenty persons, who resided near the place, were gathered on the bank, viewing the river and the men at work, when about 200 feet of the levee in length, and 80 feet in width, suddenly gave away, and without a moment's warning, six human beings were ushered into eternity. The scene is described by those who witnessed it to have been the most heart-rending they ever looked upon. We have learned the names of only six persons, as yet, who were drowned, but it is asserted that others, who at present are not known, were lost.

The *Commercial Bulletin* says it is rendered certain that fifteen persons were lost by this awful calamity, and continues :

As far as we can learn, the accident occurred exactly as all similar ones have happened. The late high water had undermined the bank, and in descending, left it without the accustomed support of its pressure, and of course, its own weight

compelling it to fall. The breach is now at least 200 feet in front by 60 feet deep, extending as far back as the street, and when our reporter left last evening, at 8 o'clock, detached portions of it were still falling. Workmen are busily engaged filling it up. Luckily, at the time, the river is very low or a large portion of the city would be in great peril from an overflow.”

The Lewis County bank was thrown out for two days last week, but on Friday the cashier reached Albany and immediately arranged with the Mechanics & Farmers bank to redeem its notes. This bank had on deposit with the Canal Bank only \$12,000—not sufficient to endanger the bank.

The following banks had deposits in the Canal bank :

Bank of Geneva,	\$70,000
Bank of Ithaca,	50,000
Seneca County Bank,	30,000
Ogdensburgh Bank,	25,000
Lewis County Bank,	12,000
Iron Bank,	30,000

There were some twenty other banks which had accounts there, making an aggregate of over \$300,000 of balances.—We do not think that any of these banks will fail from the fact of their having accounts in the Canal Bank.

We quote Canal Bank, Albany, at 50 cents on the dollar. *Thompson's Bank Note Reporter*, July 19.

DOCTOR C. V. COOLIDGE, of Maine, who is now confined in the State Prison, at Thomaston, under sentence of death, but who cannot be hanged until he has endured a year's solitary imprisonment, is rapidly sinking beneath the effect of his sentence. His sister, a young lady of great worth and personal beauty, has proceeded to Augusta, the Capital of Maine, to solicit the governor to allow her brother more congenial quarters. Coolidge was a young man of supposed merit and worth, prior to his committing murder on a young man named Mathews. The object in allowing a condemned felon to live one year in solitary confinement prior to his execution, was to afford him an opportunity of procuring means to prove his innocence, subsequent to conviction. It is said that unless relieved from solitary confinement, there is no probability that he will live till the day set apart for his execution.

A “DEAD HEAD” IN AN UNUSUAL PLACE!—A remarkable journey was performed by a cat, on the Auburn and Rochester Railroad, a few days since. As the freight train east stopped at the several way stations, the mewling of a puss was heard, and on reaching Fisher's an investigation was gone into, resulting in the discovery that a cat was within one of the plate wheels, which were hollow, and having three openings about the size of a man's fist!—Poor puss had made her way into one of these holes before the starting of the train, and being unable to make her escape, had been carried fifteen miles; making in that distance, fourteen thousand six hundred and sixty-six revolutions! On being relieved from her uncomfortable position, she manifested no very particular uneasiness, but took it very coolly. We venture to say that none of her race have ever performed a similar feat.—*Rochester Daily Advertiser*.

The President of the U. S. has given orders that deserter from the army at large may peaceably return to their homes without being subject to punishment or trial on account of such desertion. No reward or expense will be allowed for apprehending any soldier who deserted while in Mexico.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN FILTERING WATER.—A new and original invention has been introduced in England. It is a cylindrical filler, made of stone, and so constructed as to supersede all cleaning. The passing of the water through the stone frees it from all impurities in suspension, and according to the testimony of an eminent analytical chemist, is calculated to benefit the public health materially. The filter is now in active operation in many of the mansions of the principal nobility of the Metropolis. The Lords of the Admiralty, struck with the utility of the invention as a means of preserving the health of officers and seamen, by rendering the water on board ship at all times pure and soft, irrespective of climate or time, have introduced it into the Royal Navy.

Not less than 1,800,000 dead letters were received at the general post-office during the year 1847. The contents of 2,782 of the most valuable, exceeded \$20,000! This department of the post-office is a dead loss to the government of more than \$130,000 annually!

A FAMILY REUNION.—The descendants of Mr. Jacob Bradbury, of Pittsfield, Ill. says the *Free Press*, to the number of eighty-five, recently assembled, by appointment, at the house of Samuel Bradbury, the second son. After listening to a very impressive discourse by Rev. B. B. Carpenter, they repaired to a richly furnished table, one hundred and ten feet long where they passed the afternoon in social chat. They all reside within six miles of the farther's house, are all of them upright, correct and honest men, and they are all, men, women and children, on one side in politics!

AN OLD FIRM.—The Boston Advertiser announces in its advertising columns the dissolution of the partnership of Messrs. Trott & Bumstead, an honorable, enterprising, and successful mercantile house, and one of the oldest firms in that city. Their partnership had subsisted for a period of fifty years, and previous to their partnership, they had been apprentices in the same store for a period of seven years.

THE POTATO ROT is announced as having already appeared in Massachusetts and Connecticut—and as will be seen by the following from the Albany *Evening Journal*, has appeared at Utica, in this State. Its manifestations were seen on Friday last, 14th inst. since which time its progress has not been rapid. Unless the very unfavorable weather of the last two days should give it a fresh impulse, it is hoped it will pass off without affecting the tubers.

A NEW PANORAMA TO COME.—It is stated that an Italian artist, Sig. Calyo, is engaged in sketching the scenery on the banks of the Connecticut, with a view to the execution of a complete Panorama of the Connecticut Valley. This stream is inferior to the Rhine and the Hudson in the grandeur of its scenery, but for picturesque variety, and the delightful freshness of its landscape, it is surpassed by none in the world.

SANTA ANNA'S MILITARY EQUIPMENTS.—Thomas Riley, of the Fifth ward Hotel, has made another addition to his museum of curiosities, being nothing less than the splendid military saddle, bridle, &c. &c., of Gen. Santa Anna, gold mounted, set with brilliants, and valued at \$1,500. It was captured, if we mistake not, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, when our brave volunteers forced the Mexican Napoleon to save his bacon—but not his breakfast—by giving leg bail.

A COUPLE OF YOUNG STATE PRINTERS.—We perceive by the proceedings of the Wisconsin Legislature, that the State printing for the House, has been given to W. H. & A. W. Whyman, a couple of boys 14 and 16 years of age.

MARRYING A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.—The Court of Queen's Bench, England, has recently decided against the legality of all marriages made with a deceased wife's sister. By his decision all such marriages are cancelled and declared null and void—the wives are placed in the light of concubines, the children of such marriages declared illegitimate, and all hereditary rights and claims to property utterly abrogated.

The Tribune announces that Thomas F. Meagher, one of the leaders of Young Ireland, is to leave Ireland this week for New York, for the purpose of laying before the American people the prospects of Ireland's disenfranchisement. If there are any prospects of the kind we shall but be too happy to see them.

Oregon is said to contain 218,236,320 acres; California and New Mexico contain 500,000 square miles. These and the other territories of the Union equal at least 1,600,000,000 miles or 260,000,000 square miles.

Miss H. F. Gould, the well known poetess of Newburyport, once hit off the ambition of Mr. Cushing in the following epitaph, among many others which she wrote for some of the distinguished citizens of Newburyport and vicinity:—

"Lay aside, all ye dead,
For in the next bed
Reposes the body of Cushing;
He has crowded his way
Through the world, as they say,
And now, tho' he's dead, may be PUSHING."

Mr. Cushing, however, returned the compliment of the maiden poetess, and replied as follows:

"Here lies one whose wit
Without wounding could hit;
And green be the turf that's above her,
Having sent every beau
To the regions below,
She has gone down herself—FOR A LOVER."

CONNECTICUT UNIVERSALIST SABBATH S. ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of this Association, will be held at Stamford on the fourth Wednesday in August next. An address may be expected from the Rev. S. S. Fletcher. The Superintendents of the various schools in this State, are earnestly requested to present full reports of the condition and progress of their schools. O. UTLEY, Secretary.

The Trumpet will please copy.
Middletown, July 17, 1848.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES

Br. Bulkeley will preach in the Academy, at Woodbridge, N. J., the fifth Sunday in July at 3 o'clock, P. M.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Lamb, the money you sent, pays to No. 4 next vol.—Atlas Bank, real estate security, sells for 75 cents on the dollar, State Stock do. 95.

Br. Whittemore, credit Br. Henry S. Smith, of Camptown, N. J., two dollars for present volume of the Trumpet and charge this office.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 14th inst., by Rev. O. A. Skinner, GORHAM F. BASSETT to Miss CAROLINE SARGENT PATTON, both of Boston.

In Troy, by Rev. W. H. Waggoner, Mr. ADAM KLINE to Miss SARAH ANN SMITH.

By the same, Mr. JACOB HENRY BARRINGER to Miss CATHERINE RISEDORF.

In Williamsburgh, L. I., on the 19th inst., by Rev. Henry Lyon, Mr. JAMES ELLISON, and Miss DEBORAH LORING, both of Boston, Mass.

DIED.

On the 17th inst., of Summer Complaint, LUCY SUSANNA WHITNEY, aged 11 months and 14 days.

Boston papers please copy.

On the 22d inst., JOHN MORTIMER, son of Mortimer and Martha Ann Brown, aged one year and seven months.

This is the fifth child with which the bereaved parents have been called to part. May they be sustained by a living faith in that Gospel of Him who called little children to his arms, and brought life and immortality to light! E. H. C.

In this City, July 17th, ELIZA LEACH WILLARD, aged one year and six months.

In Williamsburgh, on the morning of the 12th July, ANGELINE AUGUSTA, daughter of William E. and Jane S. Bailey, aged 16 months and 11 days.

"Farewell, dear child; thou'rt gone to rest

Thy happy spirit's winged its flight;

Leaving thy clay—for mansions of the blest

In realms of light.

Sweet were thy smiles to us, our fair—

Thy lisping accents dear—thy kiss;

Thy fond embrace—thy very playful air;

To us were bliss.

We loved thee dearly, fairest one,

And wept a parent's tears for thee,

But musing of the bliss, to which thou'rt gone,

Our sorrows flee.

We would not bid our daughter stay,

Where cares and tears might be her lot;

The voice of mercy called her hence away,

We mourn her not.

Prepare our spirits: O! our God,

Dwellers with the saints to be,

May children and parent meet in thine abode,

To worship thee."